C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 2.0.05

VOLUME XL. No. 35 MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Face the Other Way.

In one of the great battles of the American Civil war, defeat was turned into victory by the conduct and courage of one man. As General Sheridan rode out of Winchester on the morning of that memorable day, all unconscious of the danger that threatened his army, he met crowds of his men flying from the foe. With an escort of twenty men he pushed to the front. He rode hot-haste, swinging his

hat, and shouting as he passed, 'Face the other way, boys! face the other way!'

The scattered soldiers recognized their general, and took up the cry, 'Face the other way!' They fell into their ranks and followed him to the front; and under his leadership the fugitives of the morning were conquerors before night. That battle ended the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.

'Face the other way!' This is what Christ, the great Captain, would have thousands of us do. 'Oh, my wasted years!' cried a dying man once in his agony. Perhaps some of us have to look back upon a wasted life. All the past is lost. Up to this moment our time has been wasted, our talents misspent, and our work remains undone. The path we have been following is the path of inclination and disobedience. It is one that runs downhill, and runs straight to hell.

'Face the other way!' Yes, thank God, it is possible to do it. St. Paul did it in one moment. Thousands have done it as completely and almost as suddenly. True, it needs divine grace to change a life, but that grace is yours, if you seek for it. For this end Christ was manifested, to destroy the works of the devil. No case is too hard for him. Only cry to him. He will forgive all the past. He will turn you right round. He will set you on the road to glory. He will give you the Holy Spirit to teach and guide you all the way.

But there is much you can do. Do that. You can sit down and question your heart, and find out the truth. If you are on the way to hell, it is better to know it, and to resolve by God's grace before it is too late to enter without delay on the way to heaven.

Hitherto you have been interested in bad things. You can try to take an interest in things that are good and holy. You can fill your mind with God's blessed Word, making it your counsellor and guide. It will teach you what you may be and do, what you may yet enjoy and suffer for his blessed Name's sake. You can seek to be like Christ, in all things, and, like him, to go about doing good.

A poor man in Norway one December carried the box of a man who was selling Bibles on his horse a whole day among the mountains for nothing. 'I can do nothing for the work but this,' he said; 'but I can do this.' Resolve that all your life shall be devoted to Christ's service without any reserve.

'Face the other way!' Set your face toward God and Christ and the New Jerusalem, and then you will not have any sudden change to make when death is seen approaching. The path you are in is the very path that ends in glory.

The story of Judas is one we often ought to study. He seemed at first exactly like the other apostles, yet how different! Religion to him was a matter of money. He followed Christ as long as he thought it would be profitable to do so. If he could make more by betraying Christ, he was ready to sell him to his foes.

Such selfish thoughts make the heart good soil for the tempter to sow his seed in. Judas listens to the overtures of Christ's foes; and at last, without waiting for the evil to seek him, he actually goes and seeks the evil. 'What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?' He who began by following the Holy One of God is seen by-and-by watching for an opportunity to sell him, and he ends by betraying the Son of Man with a kiss.

We shudder at the thought of treating Christ as Judas did; and yet it may be that our case is not so different from his. If we are dallying with evil, if we are listening to the voice of the tempter, if we are allowing any besetting sin to lead us its own way, our end, unless God in mercy opens our eyes in time, may be that of the false disciples.—'Friendly Greetings.'

'Bond or Free?'

(Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, in the 'Friendly Visitor.')

'Well, Squire, I'm sorry that you can't see the matter as I do,' said old Rutherford with a sigh.

'Nevertheless I can't, Rutherford, and that is the long and short of it. Religion may do very well for you who are getting old and no longer want to enjoy yourself, but it would be too much of a tie for me.'

'It's a pity, sir, for with you and wealth on your side you might do a sight of good if you only had got religion as well.'

The handsome young Squire laughed. 'You see, I like having my own way too much for the claims and restrictions of godliness to have any charms for me. I prefer freedom to bondage any day.'

'But you see, sir, there is the bondage of sin and the liberty of sin, and there is the bondage of religion and the glorious liberty of the sons of God; so that there are both bond and free which ever way you turn, and the great thing is to secure the best sort of bondage and best liberty. There is a slavery that is better than freedom.'

'I doubt it, my good friend, I doubt it; and, at any rate, the freedom is more in my line.'

'It's a pity, sir, a great pity.'

But the skeptical young landowner enjoyed an argument with his old tenant, who had been a brave soldier not so very long ago, so he declined to let the subject drop.

'I should have thought,' he remarked, 'that a man like you, Rutherford, who has known the horrors of a siege and had but narrowly escaped the cruel fate of a prisoner in war, would not have talked such nonsense as that any sort of slavery is better than freedom.'

'It is because I know what I have spoken,' replied the old man. 'Twice in my life have I been besieged. The first was like the siege of sin, and I escaped from it; the second was like the siege of religion, and if ever I escape from that, may the Lord help me!'

'Tell me about your two sieges, my good Rutherford. But I'll be bound liberty was better than either of them.'

'I don't think so, sir; but I'll describe them, and you can judge for yourself.'

'Fire away; I'm all attention,' said the young Squire, lighting a cigar and sitting down beside the old soldier on the trunk of a fallen tree.

'Well, sir, the first siege was many years ago, when there was some fighting in South Africa. We were shut up in a town surrounded by Boers, and the food and drink were scant enough, I can tell you. It was decided that some one should endeavor to escape from the town to carry certain despatches to the English army. It was a desperate attempt, and whoever made it carried his life in his hand. I volunteered to go, because I had neither kith nor kin, so that if those vigilant Boers potted me, no one but myself would be the wiser or the worse. So I managed to escape from the besieged town; and though the enemy fired on me pretty freely at first, I soon succeeded in eluding their notice, and got outside of the range of their rifles without so much as a scratch. Then I enjoyed what you would call glorious liberty. I was free to do what I liked—free to be shot like a dog by any stray Boer who might catch sight of me; free to fall a prey to any wild beast prowling about, free to the burning sun and the biting wind and the blinding rain: free to the inroads of hunger and thirst—so free that if any of these threatened dangers came upon me and slew me, no human being would shed a tear, or feel the world one whit the emptier because I had left it. At first I confess that I relished the change from the misery of a siege to such unfettered freedom; but after a time this unchecked liberty grew terrible to me. It was the life of a wild animal, not the life of a man, and sometimes—when the overpowering infinite star-filled space above me struck terror into my soul, and the moonlit desert seemed to be haunted by grey and ghostly presences whose grisly embraces threatened to hold me fast—I grew very homesick for the prison I had so joyfully escaped from, and almost regretted the day that I had come into the wilderness to die alone.

'At last, after many days of danger and

privation, I reached the English army, and delivered the despatches I had brought. And when the strain was over I broke down completely and had a sharp attack of brain-fever. All through that fever the horror of loneliness haunted me, and I could never get over it. The siege was bad enough, but the freedom afterwards was ever so much worse.'

Here old Rutherford stopped for a minute; the mere recollection of what he had endured alone in the desert almost unmanned him.

'I think I can understand that,' said the young Squire, thoughtfully. 'But what about the second siege, my good Rutherford?'

The old soldier again took up his parable. 'Well, my health was so down by all that I had gone through that I was obliged to retire on my pension. So I came back here to my native place; and I married Jenny Lees, the prettiest girl in the village, and the sweetest, and perfect indeed has been my life since then. I've three little daughters, you know, sir, as pretty as their mother, and we five are as happy as the days are long.'

'Yes, yes; but what about the second siege?'

'I'm coming to that, sir, all in good time. The second siege (as I call it) occurred only two days ago. It was in one of your hayfields, Squire, and I and my little lasses were helping the haymakers. Those children never get tired of hearing about me in the besieged town, so nothing would do but they must play at it in the hay. They built a heap of hay, which they called the town, and made me sit in it; and they covered me over with handfuls of hay and defied me to escape, amid peals of childish laughter. It was all play to them, but it wasn't all play to me: for it struck me that this siege kept a closer prisoner than the South African one ever did. The Boers shut me up until such time as I was able to elude their vigilance, and then I was free of them for ever; but from these, my latter-day captors, no escape was possible. Their names were branded on my heart to prove me their three-fold slave; and I could no more have broken their walls asunder and gone forth alone never to look upon their faces again, than I could have flown across the summer sky. Those ramparts of hay were stronger than iron bands, for Love had forged my chains, and from Love's fetters their is no escaping.'

The Squire laughed at the old man's quaint conceit. 'But, Rutherford,' he objected, 'you could have escaped from the children if you had liked.'

'Could I? I know better. I could run away from the besieged town in front of the enemy's fire without a qualm; but I could never run away from my wife and children. As I tell you, I felt no sensation of fear when the Boers saw and fired on me; but—brave soldier though I used to fancy myself—I own I fairly trembled with terror when I heard a few months ago that there was a case of scarlet fever in the village. When I was out in South Africa I was a free man, and I snapped my fingers at danger, and disease, and death; now I am no longer free, and the mere idea of harm coming to my little ones terrifies me as it would terrify a woman. But I know which I liked best, the freedom or the bondage.'

This time the young Squire did not laugh; there fell across his mind, like a shadow, a doubt as to whether the old soldier was not wiser than he, after all. He was silent for a moment, and then said gently—

'Perhaps you are right, Rutherford. There was a time when I almost made up my mind to enter the house of bondage myself, and give up my so-called freedom. I fell in love with a sweet little girl, and all but decided to make her my wife. But, after thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that a quiet, domestic life would have no permanent charms for me; so I made up my mind to keep liberty I so highly prized, and never to say a word about my feelings, to the little girl. She was a parson's daughter, and as religious as you are, Rutherford.'

'And what became of her, sir, may I make so bold as to ask?'

'Ah! that is the sad part of the story. Contrary to my expectations, I found that the old, wild, lawless pleasures could not drive that sweet girl-face out of my head. So after two years' restless wandering I came back to the village where I had met her, determined this time to ask her to be my wife.'

'And couldn't she, sir?' inquired the old man in surprise.

'She never had the chance, poor child! I heard then for the first time that her father had died about six months after I had gone away, leaving her utterly destitute. She was too pretty and not sufficiently enough learned to go out as a governess; so—as she was compelled to earn her bread somehow—she became a hospital nurse. But she was too young and fragile, poor little girl! for the work. Her health completely broke down under the great strain, and, as she had not strength enough to rally, she died just a year after her father. I should have been a better and a happier man with her than I ever can be now, but my unhappiness is all my own fault.'

'It is always our own fault when we prefer the lower freedom to the higher servitude,' replied Rutherford; 'yet, none the less, are we of all men most miserable when too late we realize our mistake, and would fain live our lives over again in the blessed bondage of those servants whom their Lord calls not servants but friends.'

The Squire rose slowly, and looked over the peaceful English landscape to his fine but desolate house among the trees. 'You are right, I believe, Rutherford, after all,' he sighed; 'for there are times when I would gladly exchange all the freedom of my reckless bachelorhood for such bondage as you now enjoy. But, alas! it is too late, and I have only myself to thank for it.'

'I am sorry for you, sir,' replied Rutherford, 'when I think of the dreary days which lie before you when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them; but I am far sorrier for that poor young thing who literally perished from hunger while your servants had enough and to spare, simply because you preferred the lower liberty, which is a cloak of maliciousness, to the higher bondage of the servants of God.'

'And when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.'

How They Missed the Blessing.

(Sara Virginia du Bois, in 'American Messenger.')

They had gathered about the study lamp. Agnes had taken up her fancy work, Ned was busy with his algebra, Mr. Gray was poring over a law-book, and Cousin Margaret was looking over the latest issue of the daily paper.

'Hark how the storm beats against the window,' said Ned, looking up from his book. 'A fellow is happy who has his own hearthstone such weather as this.'

'I am sorry it should have rained this evening,' Agnes answered.

'Dr. Edwards is always so interesting at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting service, and I had hoped we could take Cousin Margaret to hear him.'

There was a look of surprise on Cousin Margaret's face, and she turned inquiring eyes on Agnes.

'Do you only have your prayer-meeting service on pleasant evenings?'

'Oh, no, indeed, the prayer-meeting service is always held, no matter how stormy the weather.'

'Then you need not be sorry on my account that it is raining, I am accustomed to going out in all sorts of weather, and I do not mind the storm in the least.'

Ned whistled softly and father looked up from his book as if he had only just caught the drift of the conversation.

'You see, Cousin Margaret, we have the prayer-meeting service every Wednesday evening, so we feel we can afford to stay at home when it storms.'

This was from Ned; Agnes had remained silent, but her cheeks were flushed, as she glanced at Cousin Margaret.

'I scarcely thought you would care to go out in this storm,' she said.

'Oh, Agnes, if you only knew how hungry I am for just such services as these, and how in my western home I am deprived of them, you would not wonder that I am anxious to avail myself of every opportunity to be present. If you do not wish to face the storm, I would not have you do it on my account, but I am sure that you will understand and excuse me if I go.'

Agnes laid aside the fancy work and arose hastily.

'Indeed, I shall accompany you,' she said. 'I am not an invalid that I should mind the storm, and it is only force of habit that has kept me at home. We ought to leave here in ten minutes, Cousin Margaret.'

Mr. Gray closed the covers of the law-book with a bang, and rose to his feet.

'You must not go unaccompanied,' he said. 'I'll be ready as soon as I put on my storm coat.'

Ned laughed and threw his algebra book on the corner of the couch. 'I was just wishing for an excuse to quit this,' he said. 'You must not suppose I am going to be the only one left at home!'

Just as Dr. Edwards announced the opening hymn, Mr. Gray and his family entered, and heartily joined in the words of praise. There were few present, but they felt drawn very near the throne of grace as the pastor later expounded to them the word of God.

'"What seek ye?" asks the Master, his hands overflowing with priceless gifts; and we ask some little trifle, something scarcely worth the having, when such glorious fullness might be ours.'

Thus he talked, heart to heart with his people, and they left later feeling refreshed both in body and soul.

'The wind has changed to the west and the stars are shining,' said Mr. Gray.

'It would have been too bad, had we missed this blessing.'

'And I was thinking,' Cousin Margaret said, 'of the empty seats, and of those who had missed it, and would be poorer all their lives because of it.'

'Yes,' said Agnes, thoughtfully, 'we lavish so much care and thought upon our bodies, and our souls are starving and we do not know it. Thank you, dear cousin, for the lesson you have taught us.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

A friend, Montreal, $5; Marion Nichol, Glanworth, $5; Mary Allen, Stanstead, $5; the Leavitt's Mills S.S., Martinville, $3.15; Miss M. A. Smith, Manitowaning, $2; A Friend, C. M. I., $2; A Sympathizer, $2; A Friend, Lowe, $2; Mrs. J. R. MacIlquham, Lanark, $2; Four little boys, F.S., C.S., P.S., R.S., St. Thomas, $1.75; M. C. Moore, Plainfield, $1.50; A Friend, Frelighsburg, $1; Mrs. Jane Richards, Chater, $1; One who reads the 'Messenger,' $1; making a total for week ending Aug. 14, of $34.40.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Luck.'

The boy who's always wishing
  That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
  Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
  His hopes end in defeat,
For that's what comes when wishing
  And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
  Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
  And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
  Will some day surely win,
For he works out what he wishes,
  And that's where 'luck' comes in!

The 'luck' that I believe in
  Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
  Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls 'lucky'
  Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
  But by hard work, bravely done.

—Eben E. Rexford, in 'Congregationalist.'

A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. 'May I see you across, ma'am?' 'Thank you, dear.' Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella at home. 'You're the first old lady, he said with childhood's candor, 'that I've taken across—and—and I didn't think it was polite—I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you.' 'A child of the poor,' thought his questioner, 'but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman.'—Ex.

The Girl Among Friends.

(Priscilla Leonard, in 'Wellspring.')

If one should be asked what girl, in the history of the world, had made most friends, and kept them, a certain famous Frenchwoman, born in the days just before the Revolution, would carry off the palm, by unanimous consent. We first hear of her at fifteen, already loved and admired, and we might say, then, that her beauty was the cause; but when we follow her along the years, through prosperity and adversity, through exile, through blindness, and find her, in old age and poverty, still the queen of countless hearts, we know that her charm must have been of the soul, not the face. It was not a charm of the intellect, either, for while other women of that bygone day have left witty sayings and brilliant letters behind them as memorials, this one is not represented by any written or any spoken cleverness. 'She listened charmingly,' as one of her friends records; but she was not a talker herself. Her extraordinary power was the power to understand, to appreciate, to inspire others; and it is for this reason that Madame Récamier will remain the very best model for the girl who wishes to win and hold friends.

What girl would not like to have it said of her, as was said of Julie Récamier: 'To be beloved was her history. Beloved for her beauty, her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindliness; for the charm of a character which was reflected in her sweet face; beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart; beloved by old and young, small and great, men and women; beloved always and by all from her cradle to the grave,—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman. What other glory is so enviable?'

What, indeed? Surely, through all her trials, this was the happiest woman possible. How, then, can we learn her unfading charm, so that, from our youth to our age we may find friends along the way? The girl who is just beginning life naturally asks the question and its answer is of vital importance to her.

To begin with, let us take two elements of charm; one that attracts, one that retains. No girl can make friends unless she has sympathy, unless she understands others to some extent, unless she thinks about them rather than about herself. On the other hand, the worst of mistakes is to carry this beyond the line of self-respect. A sympathetic, cordial, gay manner wins friends; but only the girl that thoroughly respects herself is able to retain the friends she makes. I have known young women who to gain passing liking and admiration would do such foolish things that permanent liking was impossible. To sacrifice the lightest shade of principle never yet won a friend truly worth winning, and that plain fact is essential for every girl to remember.

A third element is a graceful, lovely manner. It is the fashion nowadays to talk of manners as hollow and insincere, and to affect a 'natural' manner, which means an untrained method of behavior that sets the beholder's teeth on edge. Now, a girl might just as well assume that because she is born in an English-speaking country spelling, writing and grammar will be 'natural' to her, as that manners will come without an effort. Bad manners are as inexcusable as bad grammar or spelling, and whether we recognize it or not, we are judged justly, too, for, in the last analysis,

> 'Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of noble nature and of loyal mind.'

The awkward gesture, the brusque speech, the self-conscious giggle, are things that stamp their possessor as careless of grace, of sympathy, of charm. Why should we be anxious to have a pretty hat, or a pretty dress, and take no pains to have a delightful manner? A lovely nature, showing itself through lovely manners, is pure gold, and will always, in any society, in any age, be prized as it deserves.

Self-consciousness is the worst foe, perhaps, of most girls. But the girl who goes out among people, be they washer-women or dukes, with the least possible thought about herself, and the greatest possible interest in each one she meets, will make friends and be at ease anywhere. She will notice what etiquette is observed round her, and she will follow it intelligently, but not slavishly; for really well-bred people use etiquette, and shape it continually, but are never mastered by it. She will show constant deference to older people, and gentle consideration to all who serve her. She will look for the best in every person she meets, and so will get everyone's best without fail. She will not talk loudly, nor contradict flatly, nor dress carelessly or overmuch, nor make personal remarks, nor look bored, nor interrupt, because, in thinking it out, she can see a real reason—not one of etiquette only—for avoiding such mistakes in manner. She will say pleasant, appreciative things, yet never go an inch beyond truth into flattery; and if she has no skill in conversation she can 'listen charmingly,' at any rate.

'Tact,' perhaps, expresses it all; a word so misused as to mean insincerity to many minds. But that truest definition of tact, 'intuitive sense of what is true, right, or proper; fineness of discernment as to action or conduct,' is a good thing for the girl to remember who desires to make the best possible friendships for her life. A girl with tact will not overstay the limits of an invitation, nor make an indiscreet confidence to a mere acquaintance, nor resent a slight where none is meant, nor put herself forward unduly, nor lose her temper in public—or in private, either,—nor forget the pleasant thing to say or do, nor delay to apologize when she is clearly in the wrong, nor accept a favor ungraciously, nor fail to return one whenever she can. Fine tact is the root of which fine manners are the fruit; and tact can be cultivated until it becomes almost a sixth sense.

None of these qualities that have been mentioned are outside the power of any girl to possess. Beauty is not needed, nor brilliant mind, nor wealth, nor wide opportunity. A diamond, clear, pure, of the first water, is always and anywhere admired and valued. A bit of glass, glittering one moment, but showing its true material the next, is justly neglected, whether it lies in the road or on the palace step. Which will you make yourselves, girls?

Pride and it's Fall.

A good story was once told by the 'World' of a purse-proud old nobleman who was travelling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country evidently the people do not have quite as much respect for the titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the Continent.

One day the nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern, and as he stopped his carriage he called out in an imperious tone:

'Horses, landlord—horses at once!'

'I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up,' replied the landlord, calmly.

'How!' violently exclaimed the nobleman. 'This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately.'

Then, observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones being led up to another carriage, he continued:

'For whom are those horses?'

'They are ordered for this gentleman,' replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

'I say, my man,' called out the nobleman, 'will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?'

'No,' answered the slim man; 'I intend to use them myself.'

'Perhaps you are not aware who I am,' roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. 'I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron

George Sparre, the last and only one of my race.'

'I am very glad to hear that,' said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. 'It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race.'

The slim man was the King of Sweden.—'Alliance News.'

The Archbishop as a Ploughman.

A few years ago a country rector, whom Dr. Temple was visiting officially, took him for a walk round the parish. The worthy parson was determined to keep the conversation from getting too deep, so he confined it to things connected with his parish. During their walk together they passed a man ploughing, and the Archbishop stopped to look on. 'There are diversities of gifts,' said the rector, pointing with his stick to the man at the plough. Now, your Grace, that poor fellow is doing something that you and I could not do in spite of our learning.' 'Umph!' muttered the Archbishop, who is a man of few words. His companion waxed very eloquent on the subject of ploughing. Dr. Temple remained silent until the man came to the top of the furrow; then he climbed over the gate. A word to the farm laborer, and the next moment the Primate of All England was guiding that plough down the field with the skill of the practised hand; and, what was more, he accomplished a difficult turning at the end of the row—never an easy matter—in a way that excited the outspoken admiration of the usually undemonstrative Hodge. 'I had to learn that in the school of Necessity,' remarked the Archbishop, as he walked home with the dumbfounded rector.

Only a Bunch of Roses.

The roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance, as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Pinning them quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her, and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Money was not plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl contented herself with riding in the ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was one present who did not admire it. Her bright, sunny face, her dignified, yet gentle, bearing, her winsome smile to tired and fretful children who had travelled many a weary mile, her tasteful, neat attire, with the bunch of roses in her girdle, were all noticed in a quiet way.

In the seat in front of her was a crippled child—a sad-looking, thin girl, whose earthly life was destined to be very short. She looked over her shoulder a number of times at Madge, and finally she said wistfully, with some hesitation:

'Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?'

'Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so,' was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess.

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge.

Madge smiled into the questioning face.

'I am not tired,' she said. 'I have just begun my day.'

'I am tired. I've come a long way—way from Denver. I couldn't sleep last night, my knees pained me so. What beautiful roses you have! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the town where we used to live—pa and I. Pa's in the smoking-car.'

'Isn't your mother with you?'

Ma's dead,' was the reply; and the thin lips quivered. 'We had to bury her away out in Colorado.'

'You poor, dear child!' said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

She unfastened the roses from her girdle, and, taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose pale face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her cheek, and pressed them to her lips; and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put her arm under her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then, as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. It was the cripple's father. A mist crept over his eyes at sight of the sleeping child; and as he stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, he said, in a low voice, full of feeling:

'I'm not a prayin' mon, miss, but may the Lord's blessin' rest upon ye forever for your kindness to me poor mitherless bairn!'

The travellers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night, did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring:

'I — been — in—heaven—pa—I've— got — some—roses.'

The mist from the father's eyes seemed to have spread through the car. No word was spoken aloud concerning the little scene just over, but in many a heart there was heard the voice divine whispering, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—'The Young Christian.'

What One Investor Realized.

Experience always pays the wise man. Certainly the investment in stocks made by the farmer whose experience the 'Youth's Companion' narrates was a profitable one. A commercial traveller, with his proverbial worldly wisdom, had been airily advising the group at the country post office against investing in stocks, or any other get-rich-quick schemes.

'It's all gambling, more or less, I take it,' said Obed Pearson, thoughtfully. 'Still, nobody could say I didn't realize anything from my speculation in the Ringtail Gulch Company's stock.'

'Why, didn't know I was speaking to a successful operator!' said the drummer, with more or less respect in his voice and manner. 'Would you mind telling me about it?' he asked, as he noted the expectant gaze of the rest of the group.

'Seeing it's you, I don't mind,' said Mr. Pearson, slowly. 'I bought the stock for twenty-five dollars a share—six shares—with the expectation, bore out and led on by circ'lars and prospectuses, that 'twould touch the hundred mark in the course o' three months. And in eight weeks it had gone down to zero, and it would've gone below that, I judge, if the president and directors hadn't disbanded, so to speak, and gone travelling.

'But I realized something; yes, sir! I realized that, unless I wanted to spend my last years, and, more'n that, the next to the last ones, on the poor farm, the thing for me to do was to burn up all the circ'lars and prospectuses that come to me in the future without reading 'em. And I've kept on realizing it to this day, sir.'

Thackeray's Two Dragons.

One day the great Thackeray was visiting the studio of Baron Marochetti, when the host took down a small engraving from the wall, and presented it to him. The subject was 'Saint George and the Dragon.'

Thackeray inspected it with great delight for a few minutes, until suddenly, becoming grave, he turned to one of his friends, and he said:

'I shall hang it near the head of my bed, where I can see it every morning. We all have our dragons to fight. Do you know yours? I know mine. I have not one, but two.'

'What are they?'

'Indolence and luxury.'

'I could not help smiling,' says his friend, 'as I thought of the prodigious amount of literary labor he had performed, and at the same time remembered the simple comfort of his dwelling next door.'

'I am serious,' Thackeray continued. 'I never take up the pen without an effort; I work only from necessity. I never walk out without seeing some pretty, useless thing which I want to buy. Sometimes I pass the same shop window every day for months, and resist the temptation, and think I'm safe. Then comes the day of weakness, and I yield. I shall look at this picture, and think of my dragons, though I never expect to overcome them.'—'Alliance News.'

Use What You Have.

'What is in thine hand, Abel?'

'Nothing but one wee lamb, O God, taken from the flock. I purpose offering it to Thee, a willing sacrifice.'

And so he did. And the sweet smell of the burning has been filling the air ever since, and constantly going up to God as a perpetual sacrifice of praise.

'What is it thou hast in thine hand, Moses?'

'Nothing but a staff, O God, with which I tend my flocks.'

'Take it and use it for me.'

And he did; and with it wrought more wondrous things than Egypt and her proud king had seen before.

'Mary, what is it that thou hast in thine hand?'

'Nothing but a pot of sweet smelling ointment, O God, wherewith I would anoint Thine only one called Jesus.'

And so she did; and not only did the perfume fill all the house in which they were, but the Bible-reading world has been fragrant with the memory of this blessed act of love, which has ever since been spoken of "for a memorial of her.'

'Poor woman, what is it that thou hast in thine hand?'

'Only two mites, Lord. It is very little; but then it is all I have, and I would put it into thy treasury.'

And so she did; and the story of her generous giving has ever since wrought like a real charm, prompting others to give to the Lord.

What is it that thou hast in thine hand, Dorcas?'

'Only a needle, Lord.'

'Take it, and use it for me.'

And so she did; and not only were the suffering poor of Joppa warmly clad, but, inspired by her loving life, 'Dorcas societies' even now continue their benign mission to the poor throughout the earth.—'Christian Budget.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Do a Kindness.

Do a kindness, do it well;
Angels will the story tell.

Do a kindness, tell it not;
Angels hands will mark the spot.

Do a kindness, though 'tis small;
Angel voices sing it all.

Do a kindness; never mind!
What you lose the angels find.

Do a kindness, do it now;
Angels know it all somehow.

Do a kindness any time;
Angels weave it into rhyme.

Do a kindness—it will pay;
Angels will rejoice that day.

Kindly deeds and thoughts and words
Bless the world like songs of birds.

Pussy and the Electric Wires

The only two cats on record as investigators of electrical science have made a deal of trouble for the street railway of New York State, according to the New York 'Sun.'

A cat climbed a trolley pole between Buffalo and Lockport, and tried to walk on the feed wire that brings the power from Niagara Falls. Her tail touched the parallel wire that carried the current back to Niagara Falls. There was a flash that could be seen for miles as the twenty-four thousand volts of electricity passed through her body, which fell across both wires and didn't drop to the ground.

This short-circuited the current and caused a fuse at the Niagara Falls power house to be burned out. The power was immediately cut off from all the lines running out of the power house. It was two hours before the cause of the trouble was located and the charred remains of the cat removed from the wire. In the meantime almost all the electric railways and street-lighting plants in Western New York were without power.

The next day the pet pussy in the Utica power house, undeterred by the fate of the Lockport cat, short-circuited a fourteen-thousand-volt current, blowing out the fuses on several generators and stopping the trolley cars until repairs could be made. As this cat was little harmed it would seem that a cat can stand fourteen thousand volts, but that twenty-four thousand are too much.

Crocodiles in America.

While cruising on the west coast of Florida, word reached us that the fabled Florida crocodile had become a reality, says a writer once in 'Country Life in America.' The news was brought by a guide who, years before, had told us of 'alligators that were not alligators,' which lived near the Everglades. With him at the helm, for three days we threaded narrow channels and sailed over broad bays, oftentimes with less than six inches of water under our keel. Then, late one afternoon, our hearts were gladdened, for we saw—a crocodile!

He was swimming rapidly beneath the surface of the water. Quickly launching a skiff, we poled in pursuit, following him by the roiled water in his wake. After nearly an hour of exhausting manoeuvring we got one chance with a harpoon. Fortune favored me this time, and I first struck our largest crocodile. To my chagrin, however, the harpoon came back, the point broken. With a boat at each end of the short creek where we found him, we drove him back and forth, and struck him seventeen times before we got two harpoons fast in him and dared to put enough strain on the lines to pull him ashore. My boat was nearest as he came slowly into the shoal water. As he got opposite the bow, where I was standing, his huge jaws opened, the side of my boat was enfolded, and, but for the breaking of a tooth, this account might be an obituary. Making due allowance for the missing end of his tail, bitten off in some ancient fight, the length of this crocodile fairly passed the fourteen-foot mark.

In character and habit the crocodile and the alligator differ widely. The crocodile is much more active. He is extremely shy and can seldom be surprised on land. But with his jaws tied the crocodile becomes as submissive as a lamb, and it is quite safe to take him into a small boat and even to use him as a seat. One attempt to do this with an alligator will be sufficient for the ordinary sportsman. When the alligator gets through there will be no boat and probably no sportsman. The flesh of the young crocodile has a finer flavor than that of the alligator, although both are good eating.

A Window Out.

(Ruth, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

The day was extremely hot for the middle of September. Besides, it had not rained for more than two weeks. The grass was withered and brown and looked really pitiful in its helpless thirst. Each passing vehicle sent up a cloud of dust, and there being no breeze, it hung as if suspended in air, and finally settled down only to be stirred up again. All together it was a very disagreeable day, and to Agnes Westland, as she sat in the most shady corner of the porch sewing, it seemed almost unbearable. The unfavorable weather must have had a depressing effect on her usually cheerful spirits, for she was in a decidedly unhappy mood. A great deal of the time her work lay idly in her lap, and she gave herself up to unpleasant thoughts.

She was thinking how different was her life from that of most of her friends. Her's seemed so narrow and useless, while most of the girls with whom she graduated more than two years ago were either doing some real work, or were preparing themselves for greater usefulness. She had stayed steadily at home, the first year caring for her invalid mother, the next year doing her best to fill that mother's place.

As she sat thus musing, a pitiful face appeared at her side, and a sweet childish voice said:

'Aggie, I did tare my clean apron and get it all dirty.'

'Oh, May,' exclaimed Agnes, 'and Aggie told you to be careful!'

'I didn't mean it,' said penitent little May, but even this declaration that the wrong was unintentional did not satisfy Agnes, and she looked unforgiving as she fastened the clean apron after removing the soiled one.

It was something strange for Agnes to be so harsh, and May could not long bear it. After thoughtfully tapping the window for some time with her little finger, she came and laid her curly head in Agnes' lap, and with a quiver in her voice asked:

'Aggie, does you wish me did go to heaven with mamma?'

It was too much for the overburdened girl, and taking up her tiny sister she held her lovingly. As soon as she could control her voice she said:

'No, darling, no. Aggie is tired and cross, but she will not speak so again. She is so sorry she made you feel bad.'

Two little chubby arms flew around Agnes' neck. 'May is sorry you's tired, Aggie, May'll be good now. Can me go play now?' And the dimpled face was once more covered with smiles.

'Yes, dear, run and have a nice play now.'

Left alone, Agnes again fell into reverie. She fairly despised herself for causing the little girl pain, and in heart she vowed to be more patient. But the most earnest vows are small restraint to over-wrought nerves. Half an hour later when the twins came running into the house crying for Aggie to settle some grievance she was entirely off her guard again.

'Aggie, Aggie,' called Fred, 'make Frank give up my marbles. He's got three of my best ones.

'I ain't either,' shouted Frank angrily, 'and Fred hit me, too. You know that you did, Meanine.'

'Hardly touched you, Baby,' retorted Fred. 'Anyhow he hit me first.'

'You are both naughty, naughty boys, and ought to be punished,' said Agnes. 'If you don't stop at once I shall tell papa.'

Telling papa was a threat Agnes very seldom made, consequently when she did feel compelled to make it, the effect was all that could be desired. The boys ceased their loud talking at once. Usually Agnes would have made them forget their troubles by some pleasant word, but to-night she was not in the mood, so she let them go away sullen and unhappy.

They had hardly left when sounds of girlish chatter were heard, and every now and then a jolly laugh. Agnes recognized the voices as belonging to her fourteen years old sister, Anna, and her two bosom friends, Della Harding and Belle Colson.

'Oh, dear!' thought Agnes, 'I do wish that for one night Anna would come home without the girls and not ask to go anywhere. It distresses me that she wants to be away from her home so much, but she gets impatient if I speak of it. If she only were not so thoughtless.'

Yes, Anna was thoughtless. It was her very worst fault—this not thinking. She had a loving heart, but she did so enjoy having a good time herself that she entirely forgot her duty to others. To-night she threw her books on the porch and called out:

'Say, Aggie, the boys in our class are going to play ball with the junior boys, and we are going to watch the game. May I?'

'How long will you be gone?' asked Agnes.

'Oh, just a little while. Come on, girls.'

'Remember, Anna,' said the older sister, 'that Maggie is away, and I shall want your help about supper.'

'Yes,' she answered crossly, and continued as she went down the street, 'I do wish for once I could go somewhere without being told not to stay.'

Well, when things get started so very wrong they are apt to go on for some time. At least they kept on going wrong for poor Agnes all the rest of that day. The children continued to be noisy and fretful, Anna 'forgot' and came home just as the family were ready to sit down to supper and papa had what Agnes called one of his silent fits. In fact, papa, in his own grief, often forgot to be very cheerful at home, and would sometimes sit a whole evening reading his paper, and scarcely speaking to the children. This was hardest of all for Agnes to bear, and all in all she was almost exhausted when at last after her many duties were finished, she sank into an easy chair in her own room. At first she was too tired to even think, but after a time the peace and quietness of the moonlit world on which she gazed through her open window stole over her.

For a long time she sat looking and thinking. Here in her room it was dark, while outside the whole world seemed filled with the soft, silvery light. 'It's just like my life,' she thought. 'Inside it is dark and narrow. Oh, if only there were a window out that I might see the brightness!' and she whispered, 'Dear Father, open a window for me, that I may look beyond these narrow walls that seem to hold my whole life and thought, and give me new courage, for Jesus' sake.' In a short time all trials were forgotten in sweet, peaceful sleep, while all unknown to her the Heavenly Father was answering her prayer.

That very afternoon, while Agnes was sitting on the porch where we first saw her, a carriage had driven by and stopped at the house next door. A sweet-faced lady alighted, and as she did so Mrs. Newton, Agnes' neighbor, ran down the step to meet her. Agnes thought nothing of the incident, except to conclude that it was the friend Mrs. Newton had told her she was expecting to stay with her during the missionary convention which met in the town that week. But the lady had taken particular notice of the girl, and in the course of the evening inquired who she was. Mrs. Newton was deeply interested in Agnes. She told the story of her sad life feelingly, and concluded by saying, 'Poor child! I never pitied anyone so much. She stays shut up with those children week in and week out—never can go out and have a good time like other girls. And she looks so tired out lately. I'm really anxious about her.'

'Do you suppose we could persuade her to go to the meeting to-morrow? It would do her good,' suggested the friend.

'I think it is more real pleasure she needs,' said Mrs. Newton.

'And I think there is nothing like getting in touch with some such noble work to heal grief,' returned the other with a smile that told she spoke from experience.

The next morning Mrs. Newton and her friend were examining the flowers in the garden when little May Westland ran over and Agnes went to fetch her home. Mrs. Newton saw her opportunity and calling Agnes to them she introduced her to the sweet-faced lady, whom she called 'my very dear friend, Mrs. Chester.' Mrs. Chester greeted her warmly, and Agnes loved her at once. A few minutes later when the subject of the missionary meeting was introduced, Agnes confessed that she had heard it given out the Sunday before but had forgotten it.

'I wish you might attend this afternoon's session,' said Mrs. Chester. 'A returned missionary is to speak and I feel sure you would enjoy it.'

'I would like to, but I'm afraid I cannot leave home,' returned Agnes, glancing at May.

'Oh, you could take her with you, could you not?' suggested Mrs. Chester.

Agnes laughed a little. 'I hardly know,' she said. 'She doesn't always behave well.'

'You would be good this time, would you not, my little one?' Mrs. Chester asked the little girl.

'Yes'm,' lisped she, 'me'll try, if me can take my dolly.'

Both women laughed. 'Let her take it, Agnes,' Said Mrs. Newton. 'We will call for you at two o'clock.'

'Well, I'll be ready,' said Agnes, and hand in hand the two sisters ran home.

It seemed so odd to Agnes that she had really promised to go to a missionary meeting. She knew almost nothing of the work being done in the foreign lands. But the manner of her new friend not only awakened her interest, but she was anxious for afternoon to come when she was to hear about the great work from a real missionary. She dressed herself and May with great care and was ready at the appointed time.

The fore part of the meeting was given over to business, and Agnes cared little for what was being said, but in watching the faces of women gathered there she took much pleasure. Each one wore a look of such intelligent interest and yet a look of such peace and quietness. 'I know by their faces,' she thought, 'that they are just such women as I want to be.'

After a time the reports were all over and the presiding officer introduced the speaker as 'Mrs. Brown from Corea.' As she arose hundreds of white handkerchiefs waved in greeting—but when she began to speak—words cannot describe the emotion that took hold of the large audience. Her voice was full of suppressed eagerness, as if she dare not speak all that she felt lest her hearers should be overwhelmed. Even little May, who had commenced to be restless, began to listen, for the speaker used such simple language that the child could understand much that she said.

(To be continued.)

Who's Who in the Bible.

(Belle M. Brain, in 'Wellspring.')

The following simple little game, that can easily be made at home, is designed to teach the names of Bible characters and a leading characteristic or achievement of each:—

Directions.

Take fifty plain white cards and typewrite on them the questions given below. Seat the players in a circle round a table, and pass the cards out, one at a time, until each player has a certain number—two, three or four. Now place the remainder of the pack, face downward, on the table. Let A. (the first player) ask B. (player on his right) the question on one of his cards. If B. can answer correctly, he takes the card and A. draws another from the pack. If B. fails to give the answer, A. passes the question to C. (the next player on the right), and so on round the circle. Whoever gives the answer gets the card. The one holding the most cards at the end wins the game.

Another way to play the game is to choose a leader and give him all the cards. Then let him read the questions, one at a time, and call for volunteer answers. The one who answers first gets the card. In large gatherings, it is interesting to connect the game like a spelling match.

Questions.

1. Who was the first high priest?
2. Who killed a great general with a hammer and nail?
3. Who risked her life to save her people?
4. Whose ear was cut off by Peter and restored by Jesus?
5. Who was the meekest man?
6. Who was called the Beloved Physician?
7. Who was the first Christian martyr?
8. Who was the oldest man?
9. Who took the mother of Jesus to his home after the crucifixion?
10. Who wished that his words were written in a book?
11. Who was the first King of Israel?
12. Who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage?
13. Who was the strongest man?
14. Who had his eyes put out and was carried to Babylon bound with fetters of brass?
15. Who climbed a tree to see Jesus?
16. Who was the first woman ruler?
17. Who begged the body of Jesus from Pilate?
18. Who was the first missionary to Europe?
19. Who named all the animals?
20. What prophet was told to eat a book?
21. Who baptized the Lord Jesus?
22. Who was fed by ravens?
23. Who made an iron ax to swim?
24. Who was the wisest man?
25. Who was the man after God's heart?
26. Who built the first city?
27. Who commanded the gates of Jerusalem to be shut on the Sabbath?
28. Who offered the first recorded prayer?
29. Who was the greatest of the judges of Israel?
30. Who wrestled with an angel?
31. Who was the first prophetess?
32. Who brought one hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes to embalm the body of Christ?
33. Who destroyed the brazen serpent?
34. Who was the first shepherd?
35. Who cut the prophecy of Jeremiah with a knife and cast it into the fire?
36. Who first saw Jesus after the resurrection?
37. Who made the sun and moon to stand still?
38. Who was the first enemy of Jesus?
39. Who preached a great sermon on the day of Pentecost?
40. Who was the most wicked woman?
41. Who was the first priest mentioned in the Bible?
42. Who was weighed in the balance and found wanting?
43. Who nearly lost his life for saying his prayers?
44. Who was Paul's teacher?
45. Who conquered the hosts of Midian with three hundred men?
46. Who is called the 'Great Lawgiver'?
47. Who committed suicide from remorse?
48. Who was the first drunkard?
49. Who was stricken dumb because he had doubted God's word?
50. Who was let down by cords into a deep dungeon and nearly starved to death?

Wilhelmina's Dolls had the Measles.

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the older members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favorite.

One day she sat by a courtly old general, and, after eating some fruit, the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed: 'I wonder that you are not afraid to sit next to me.'

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish treble.

'On the contrary, I am pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen,' replied the general. 'But why should I be afraid?'

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little girl replied: 'Because all my dolls have the measles; they're all of them down with it.'—'Sunbeam.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS

The East Wind.

Such a horrid day!' said little Phœbe, pettishly, as she entered the hall, flushed and tumbled after an encounter with the east wind. 'Now, Mother, isn't this wind dreadful? I could not get along at all; my hat blew one way, and my umbrella blew inside out—look!' and Phœbe displayed a most extraordinary arrangement of silk and whalebone before her mother's eyes.

'Gently, Phœbe,' said her mother. 'I do not like such ugly words from a little girl's mouth.'

'Everybody dislikes the east wind,' she said, at length, whilst watching her mother, who, with a dexterous twist, had restored the umbrella to its original shape.

'Not every one, Phœbe. Kingsley has called it "the wind of God."

'Oh, Mother, why?' asked Phœbe.

'Because it is in many ways a very useful wind. It is cold it is true, and ruffles my Phœbe's hair —and her temper.' Mother here looked slyly at Phœbe. 'But it blows away the foul air, and acts as a scavenger in the close courts and alleys of our cities. It shakes the trees too, and sends the sap along the branches; and it does no harm to little girls either, if it makes them run faster along the roads, instead of dawdling as they sometimes do.'

'Well, if it does all that, I must be more polite to it next time,' she said merrily; 'but all the same I should like to live in those countries where it is never cold.'

'Those countries have their disagreeables as well. Should you like a sandstorm, for instance, when the sand comes in such clouds that you are obliged to lie flat on your face on the ground until the storm is past?'

'Why?' interrupted Phœbe.

'Because the sand would get up your nose and into your mouth, so that you could not breath. Or would you like to be half eaten up by mosquitoes, or bitten by snakes, or eaten by tigers, or devoured by sharks, or——'

'Oh, Mother, stop! After all, the east wind is nothing, when I think of those dangers.'

'There is no bad but might be a worse,' quoted Mother, 'and we will be contented with that state of life in which it has pleased God to place us.'—'Sunday Reading.'

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in 'La Nature' by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back, the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She really seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently, while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.

Eating Crusts.

The awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.
In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her,
And told her she must;
Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning;
But no, she wouldn't,
She couldn't, she shouldn't,
She'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.
And what do you think came soon to pass?
This little girl of Dundee, alas!
Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people that little girl give?
Why a dish of bread pudding, as sure as I live!
—'Canadian Farm and Home.'

Polly's Victory.

One stormy day in March a little bare-footed girl, armed with a long rake, might have been seen tripping down the street of a fishing village in North Wales. She was an odd-looking little creature with a crop of curly red hair; a freckled face and a funny turn-up nose; but a warm, loving little heart beat under her coarse pilot-cloth jacket, and unfortunately a warm temper went with it. What trouble that quick temper had given poor Polly! Her father and mother were both dead, but the dear grandfather with

whom she lived had taught her the sin and folly of giving way to passion, and Polly sometimes tried hard to conquer her unruly spirit, but her failures were many, and her victories but few. But to-day, as she hurried towards the shore, her merry, eager face showed no sign of anything but good temper. The tide was out, and Polly was going on the low rocks to gather sea-weed to use as manure for their little potato garden. With her long rake she would scrape together the slippery black weed (so much prized by fishing folk), and carry it to the beach, where she carefully piled it above high-water mark. When she had got together a good large heap her grandfather would bring their old donkey Jack, and load him with a large bag of sea-weed, which he would patiently carry to their garden.

This morning, although the wind blew Polly's rough curls into her eyes, and fluttered her short petticoats, the sun shone brightly, and with a light heart and busy hand the little girl began her work. There were several other people scattered over the rocks engaged like herself, but Polly did not take much notice of them, she was too busy scraping and picking to need any company, and very soon her pile of sea weed rose to a good height.

Now, one of the sea-weed pickers was no friend of Polly's. He was a great, awkward-looking boy called Bob Thomas, and he liked nothing better than to see Polly in one of her tempers, so he never lost a chance of teasing the little girl, and making her 'flare up,' as he called it. To-day was too good an opportunity to be lost, so the naughty, thoughtless lad waited his time. It soon came. Polly, who had not even noticed him, so intent was she on her work, had just stepped on a rather dangerous point of rock, so slippery that her bare feet had a difficulty in keeping their hold.

Right under it was a pool of deep, clear water, while all around was a splendid crop of sea-weed. Polly was raking with uncommon ardour, and cleverly balancing herself as she did so. At this moment her enemy drew near, and thinking it a good time to play off one of his foolish jokes, stole softly up to the poor little sea-weed gatherer and shouted 'halloo' right in her ear. The unexpected noise made Polly start, she lost her balance, tried to recover it, and struck out wildly with her rake, and at last fell into the middle of the pool. Her upset was greeted with a shout of laughter from Bob, in which some of the others were unkind enough to join. Polly scrambled to her feet, drenched to the skin, and turned on her tormentor a face crimson with rage. Clenching her little fists she poured out a torrent of angry words directly she found her breath. 'Oh, you wicked, wicked boy. I hate you. I do. I'll———' but what Polly would do was lost in renewed shouts of laughter, and certainly she presented a very comical little figure with her clothes all sticking to her, and the water running in little streams from her hair. Still, it wasn't kind of them to laugh at her. Perhaps it will seem strange that Polly did not run home at once and change her clothes, but fishermen's children are used to frequent wetting in salt water.

So, still flushed and angry, Polly simply wrung most of the water out of her things, and went to work again. But she was in a very different mood to that in which she had begun her work. All the brightness had gone from her face, and although she raked and gathered with as much energy as ever, it was in a sullen, unhappy spirit. Badly as she had been treated, she felt she had done wrong in going into such a violent rage. She was sure God was not pleased with her, and yet she felt as if she could never forgive Bob Thomas. So some little time passed away. The tide, which had turned long ago, was now flowing in fast. It would soon reach the spot where Polly stood—she was alone now, the others had gone further along the shore. Raising her eyes to glance at the oncoming waters to judge how much longer she had to stay there, Polly caught sight of a long rake lying just at the edge of the water. Directly she saw it, she knew it belonged to Bob Thomas, even before she saw the great staring letters R. T. cut on the handle. Bob had evidently forgotten it. All at once an evil thought came into Polly's mind. She would not tell Bob about the rake; she would leave it to be covered and lost in the waves. It would just serve him out for treating her so badly, and Polly turned her back on the rake and went on with her work. But somehow she could not feel satisfied to leave it so. She felt she was giving place to the evil one. What should she do? And so the conflict went on in the little girl's heart. Meanwhile, the waves came tumbling in very fast, one quicker than its fellows almost touched the handle of the rake. If Polly meant to save it she must call out to Bob at once or it would be too late. For one moment she paused, glanced first on Bob's far-off figure, then on the rake, now half-covered with water. Then from the little tempted heart rose the cry, 'Lord Jesus, help me; help me to do what's right,' and the help came.

In a very choky voice Polly called out, 'Bob Thomas, Bob Thomas, come and fetch your rake, it's most covered in the waves.'

Bob looked up and glanced toward the place from which the sound came. Suddenly he remembered his rake, and rushed to the spot just in time to save it from being swallowed up in the sea. Polly had turned away, and was picking her way to the beach with her bundle of dripping sea-weed under her arm. But Bob followed her, looking very red and shame-faced. 'Stop a minute, Polly, I want to say something to ye. If you ain't a regular good one I don't know who is. It was downright good of ye to tell me about the rake after the shabby trick I served ye. In another moment it would ha' been gone and I should ha' caught it finely from father; and look here, Polly,' said Bob, striking the rock with the rake to enforce his words, 'I'll promise ye this, I'll never tease ye again as long as my name is Bob Thomas.'

And Bob kept his word. So Polly gained her victory—a double one too, for she conquered herself and her enemy.—A. I. D., in 'Childrens' Friend.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XI.—SEPT. 10.

The Life-giving Stream.

Ezekiel xlvii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Rev. xxii., 17.

Commit verses 3-5.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Ezek. xlvii., 1-12.
Tuesday, Sept. 5.—Zech. xiv., 1-11.
Wednesday, Sept. 6.—Jer. xvii., 7-14.
Thursday, Sept. 7.—Amos iii., 13-21.
Friday, Sept. 8.—Ps. xlvi., 1-11.
Saturday, Sept. 9.—Ps. i., 1-16.
Sunday, Sept. 10.—Rev. vii., 9-17.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Bible is a book of visions. It abounds in pictorial and scenic representations of the truth. These are effective vehicles for the human mind in its early stages of development, and when unprepared to receive truth in abstract form. They also give that pleasing variety of style which makes the Bible the most fascinating book in the world. These visions appear in a series of dissolving views. Abraham, at time of evening sacrifice, sees the Divine presence under the appearance of a smoking furnace and a burning lamp. Jacob looks up from his stony pillow and sees a staircase to heaven, on which ministering spirits appear. Zechariah sees a golden lamp, into which living olive-trees pour their oil in ceaseless stream. Daniel sees the Ancient of Days, and Isaiah the Lord enthroned and the seraphim adoring. Peter has his vision on the housetop, and John's Revelation is one book of visions.

But all dreamers yield the palm to Ezekiel, who has been aptly called the Dante of the Bible. With unerring vision he sees the spiritual side of materials things, and makes them as they really are, the vehicle of celestial truth, experience, relation, and destiny. Among the riches of his supernatural sight the 'River of Salvation' stands first for transparent simplicity.

It is not strange that Ezekiel, the priest, used as he was to the ritual and the sacred courts, magnifies the temple and looks upon it as the reservoir of grace, whence is to issue the means of the world's refreshment and cleansing. But the temple was only God's house, so what came from the temple came from God. This truth was never obscured in the Hebrew mind.

In a certain sense, and to a certain degree, the kingdom of heaven was with the Jews under the Old Dispensation. The apostle says the oracles of God were committed to them. As their religion found its chief expression in their temple, priesthood and ritual, the kingdom of heaven may be said to have been in their temple as in a sealed fountain. Here was no partiality, however. This was the Divine method. The Hebrew nation was appointed to be the almoner of grace to all. In them all nations were to be blessed. And so the prophet sees in the fullness of time a little rill of the pent-up salvation issuing out from under the threshold of the house of God in Zion. The length and breath of the stream can be measured with historic accuracy. By successive stages the rill becomes the river. Not only are the waters abundant. They are curative as well. The desert shall blossom, and the salt sea shall be healed. Everything lives where the water comes. Trees shall grow upon the banks whose fruit shall be for meat and whose leaf shall be for medicine.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. Supernatural and prophetic vision of the Bible. Examples: Abraham, Jacob, Zechariah, Daniel, Isaiah, Peter, John.

II. Ezekiel the superlative dreamer.

'River of Salvation' his best and most significant vision.

III. Natural a priest should conceive of Temple as source of salvation.

Temple God's house: originating with it meant originating with God.

IV. Kingdom of God under figure of a river. Source, Progress, Effect.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

One must be on guard against a too minute application of this vision. It is a general, pictorial representation of the origin, progress and effect of the kingdom of God.

The growth of the Church has been like the growth of the river. The Church first had twelve apostles, then one hundred and twenty believers, then three thousand converts, now it encircles the globe.

The river of salvation transforms society. It brings life in place of death. On its banks flourish philanthropic institutions of which heathen civilization never dreams.

The kingdom of heaven is no cloudburst torrent, surprising in the suddenness of its appearance and the might of the force exhibited. It is a proportionate growth from an unfailing source. The other figures convey the same significance. The mustard-seed, the leaven, the stone out of the mountain, etc.

The figure of the river has peculiar charm and significance to the Oriental mind. It signifies abundance, comfort and felicity. It is a very synonym of life.

There is current illustration of the transforming power of water on the face of nature. Irrigation is converting our treeless alkali plains into gardens of fruit and foliage.

The 'counting of Israel' has its dangers. It admits of question whether it is not always an evil and hazardous thing. Mere numerical gains count for nothing. Religion in its best sense is not a formula of confession. It is a kingdom of conscience. It is an evolution of goodness in character and deed. No census can be taken of it.

Ezekiel, the man and his style, has peculiar charm. He gives evidence of having been a closer student of the sacred books than any of the prophets, as well as an intelligent observer of other races, their architecture, implements, etc. His book may be called a cabinet of ethnology.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 10.—Topic—What is practical Christianity? Jas. ii., 14-26.

The world is weary of hearing men 'say' their faith. The formula may be very venerable and the ecclesiastical environment perfectly appropriate, but the mere repetition is as meaningless as the clashing of brazen cymbals. Faith must concrete itself in deed as well as express itself in word. The creed which does not build itself up in a spinal column of character is a caricature and travesty of religion. No sacred writer enforces this principle more effectively than St. James, who pictures the Christian in his ethical relations, and commands him to be a 'doer' as well as a 'hearer' and 'sayer.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE RAGGED MESSENGERS.

Monday, Sept. 4.—A league against Joshua. Josh. ix., 1, 2.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—The Gibeonites' plan. Josh. ix., 3-5.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—The lie they told. Josh. ix., 6-11.

Thursday, Sept. 7.—Another lie. Josh. ix., 12, 13.

Friday, Sept. 8.—A mistake Joshua made. Josh. ix., 14, 15.

Saturday, Sept. 9.—Their punishment. Josh. ix., 16-27.

Sunday, Sept. 10.—Topic—The ragged messengers and their story. Josh. ix., 3-16.

Doing Hard Things.

I am strongly tempted to organize an order of Calebites. The one requisite for membership shall be the man's willingness to do a hard service for Christ or the church in the course of a month. When he has to choose between the easier and the hard, he shall be expected to choose the latter. If it is harder for him to recite a verse of Scripture from memory in prayer meeting than to read an extract from Miss Havergal, he shall choose the former. If it is harder for him to offer prayer than to recite Scripture, he shall do the former. If it is harder for him to speak a word of testimony or exhortation than to offer prayer, he shall do the former. If it is harder for him to be sweet and helpful in home relations than to participate in any way in prayer meeting, he shall do the former. The order of the Calebites, who will be the first to join? There will be no officers, no committees, no conventions, but all are welcome.—H. A. Bridgman, in 'Congregationalist.'

Some Don't's for Teachers.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't forget much prayer.'—Let your prayer closet door swing shut after you, and there plead with God for your work. Pray much for yourself and your equipment, pray much over your lesson, pray much for your scholars. 'Don't forget.'

Sunday-School Methods.

At the recent session of the Free Church Council at Cardiff, Wales, an entire morning was occupied with discussions on the status of Sunday-school work in England. Some of the suggestions made might be profitably studied on this side of the sea. Distinguish carefully between the letter and the spirit of the Bible; the essential work of the teacher is to edify; teachers should not raise difficulties and doubts, but yet they should avoid the contrary policy, which is hurtful and perilous; namely, the attempt to settle dogmatically in the mind of childhood and youth questions which are in the world of scholarship, and in the honest judgment of the church universal still unsettled; let periodical examinations be held to show whether any progress is made; get rid in some way of incompetent teachers; organize training-classes for supplying better teachers—these were some of the points made by different speakers.—'S.S. Teacher.'

It is the work of the Sunday-school teacher to make the child see itself as it really is, and at the same time to see what it may become by the grace of God. Self-knowledge becomes fundamental. Show the child that it is ruined by the fall, but at the same time that it is ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

Missionary Fire and Fuel.

Missionary literature is fuel, but fuel does not make fire. It feeds fire, and there would be no use in the accumulation of the most abundant missionary literature if you have no fire. But when fire is there, with this fuel you can make the fire burn with far more intensity. There ought to be education in missions from the cradle, and as the child's mind and heart are inspired with a desire for the uplifting of mankind, feed the fire with fuel appropriate to the child's measure of intelligence.—A. T. Pierson, D.D.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

C. B., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years of age. I live on a farm of one hundred and twenty acres. My birthday is on May 18. For pets I have a cow, and her name is Daisy; and a cat, whose name is Dolly. I have three brothers and four sisters. I go to school, and am in the second reader. Our teacher's name is Miss McD. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for about six years. I wrote once before, and found my letter in print. My grandpa and grandma are living yet, on my mothers' side. I live about a mile and a half from the village. The Ottawa River passes beside our school. The logs that Gilles Bros.' men cut all pass down that river. The men go down in a steamboat to follow the logs. We live about a mile and a half from the post-office.

MABEL HAYES.

Foxwarren, Man.

Dear Editor,—When I look over the Correspondence Page, I cannot help taking in some of the 'Messenger' readers' joy. I am a new member of this page. In this letter I am going to write a little of the history of Foxwarren. Foxwarren is situated on the north-west quarter of section four, township eighteen, range twenty-seven. It is two hundred and one miles from Winnipeg. The railway came through in 1886. It was owned by the M. & N. W. Railway Company, but has later been bought by the C. P. R. The first building put up was the section house. In 1898 a small store and post-office were started. In 1898 the first church was built by Mr. L., and dedicated to the Presbyterians. The first grain elevator was built in 1902. The Methodist Church was built in 1902. The first school was built in 1904.

BURTON L. (age 12).

DAISIES.

I love the wayside daisies,
So innocent and sweet;
They seem to speak of Jesus,
So humble, pure and meek.

Their happy, smiling faces,
As they nod their heads and say:
'Be watchful, kind and sober,
And don't forget to pray.'

God gives each one a mission,
Be it great or be it small;
And the message of the daisies is—
That Jesus loves you all.

N.B. MRS. T. D. VINCENT.

A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I get the 'Messenger' at 'Sunday-school, and like it very much. I was born in Lynn, Mass., and lived in the United States until two years ago, when we moved here. I like the country better than the city, for I go fishing often, and have a better time. I go to school, and am in the fifth grade. I have a cow and calf and two pretty kittens a year old. I call them Toney and Tommy. One day Toney got at my fishing pole and got the hook in his mouth. Mamma wrapped a bag around him while one of our neighbors took the hook out; papa was away at the time. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have two cousins, and their names are Clyde and Fred. I think they are almost as good as brothers.

ASBURY WHITMAN MURRAY.

R. V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the Correspondence Page. What small letters we have been getting lately! And we used to get splendid long letters just a little while ago. I think it nice to write long 'chatty' letters, just as if you were truly talking to the Editor and correspondents. I notice quite a number of the boys and girls tell us what books they have read. I myself have read a great number. I will not try to give you the names of all, but will in a few words give you an idea of the story of my favorite. There are five or six which are to me equally grand; but I think that I would call the 'Man from Glengarry' my favorite. It is almost altogether a story of the early settlers of Glengarry. The hero is introduced as a Scotch lad of about seventeen years. He is a kind though passionate and very shy boy. Soon after the boy we are introduced to a girl, whom one would be almost sure was the heroine, until just a few chapters from the last one, the reader begins to see that it is going to be another altogether. I was rather disappointed in that. But the splendor of the book consists in the many and vividly described characters brought into the story, and it also gives a very fine description of life among the olden time settlers of that notably Scotch county. I think all of Ralph Connor's books excellent and 'Glengarry School Days' especially so for boys. 'The Talisman,' by Scott, and 'Ben Hur,' by Lew Wallace, are very nice books, and the 'Wide, wide World' is one every girl should read. Well, I have said enough about books, have I not? but will some correspondent who has read 'Queechy' or 'Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf' tell us in their next letter to the Correspondence Page what either or both of those books are like, will you not, please? I would like very much to know something of both of them. Some of you will like to answer riddles, I think, so I will give you some easy ones I have been reading lately. 1. What is the difference between a hill and a pill? 2. What is always behind time? 3. What looks most like a bull-frog? 4. Why should a spider appear to have wings? I will not give the answers just yet a while, and I would like to have some of the 'Messenger' boys and girls try them and give their answers on the Correspondence Page. Now, dear Editor, I wish to ask you just two questions, and if you are not too busy when you get this letter, please answer them for me. 1. Are we allowed to send in with our letters any short bright piece of poetry or prose which we ourselves liked very much and think others would like also? 2. You know it is sometimes very hard to decide just what to write about, so as to interest all the readers of the Correspondence Page. Don't you think it would be very nice if you could sometimes give us a list of subjects for our letters from which anyone wishing to write, but not knowing just what to tell the readers and editor about, could choose a subject with which he or she was most familiar and tell us just all he knew about it; and, of course, tell us anything else not concerning the subject that the writer might wish? This is, of course, just what I think a nice plan, and you, dear Editor, may not think it so nice. But I must not take any more room from the other correspondents. With love to all.

LITTLE CHATTER-BOX.

We are very much pleased with this long, interesting letter, and we think both suggestions excellent. Of course, long strings of verses in many letters would take up too much room, but a couple of verses or even a line of some poem or a bit of interesting conversation from one of your favorite books with your own remarks about it might make a very interesting item in a letter.

The second suggestion about a list of subjects is very good, as a list might help a great many of you, and it is pleasant to read on special subjects we have thought on. The brief description of a book in the above letter is by no means a bad one, but some of you will find it easier to write about something else, so we must have some variety in the list to suit different tastes.

Suppose for our first list we take (1) Summer holidays, (2) My favorite hero in bookland, (3) My hobby.

Your loving friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

P.S.—We have a great many nice pictures and letters, so do not give up hope of seeing them, if you miss them for a while.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Start.' Robert Hamilton, B. G., Ont.
2. 'A Bouquet.' Clifford L. French, I. B., Que.
3. 'Napoleon.' Perc Knubley (14), M., Que.
4. 'My Old Homestead.' Frances Booth, L., Ont.
5. 'Carrier Pigeon.' Laura Comfort (11), E., Ont.
6. 'Cupid Burro Bister.' James W. Brown (13), address not given.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Ida W. Small, East Scotch Settlement (collected from the following): Alex. T. Stewart, 10c; Mrs. John King, 10c; Wesley Sprague, 5c; R. Edna Small, 10c; Lillian A. Small, 10c; Ida W. Small, 10c; Mary E. Small, 10c; Duncan Northup, 5c; James R. Brown, 10c; Maggie J. King, 5c; Katie Long, 5c; Mrs. Geo. Carisle, 5c; Maud McLaughlan, 10c; Christina McLaughlan, 10c. Mars, Feversham, $1; Leroy and Stanley Churchill, Cornell, $1; Mary A. Hales, Burleigh, $1; Jane Anderson, Griswold, $1; Mrs. J. A. Craig, Watson's Corners (collected from Sunday-school class), Jessie Baird, 15c; Agnes Dunham, 10c; Maggie Dunham, 10c; Jessie Johnston, 10c; Sadie Johnston, 10c; Minnie Scott, 10c; Maud Craig, 10c; Edna Bowes, 10c; Mrs. J. A. Craig, 15c. Ewart M. Graham, Roland, $1; Friends, Ealing, $1; the Knox Church S. S. Class, Stratford, $1; A Friend, Valleyfield, $1; Hazel and Vernon MacIntyre, Beamsville Station, 50c; Mrs. J. Stilwell, Morristown, 25c; James Harper and Sister, Bolton, 20c; Charlie Askin, Palermo, 10c; Laura Comfort, Elcho, 10c; Jean Robson Estmere, 10c; Grace P. J., Suffield, 10c; making a total for week ending Aug. 16 of $11.50.

Temperance

The Public-house Bar.

'A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Who ever named it, named it well.

'A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.

'A bar to honor, pride, and fame,
A door to sin, and grief and shame;

'A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.

'A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife.

'A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.

'A bar to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.

'A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.'
—'Temperance Leader.'

Living Up to Love.

'So ye don't drink any more, Jim?'

The question came as two working men walked along together.

'No.'

'And ye don't talk as ye used to, either—dropped a lot of swearin' that used to come in pretty handy. What's up?'

'It's the wife and boy,' answered Jim, half pleased, half embarrassed, that the change had been noticed. 'Ye see, the little one was nothin' but a baby when I went away, but he's getting to be a smart boy now. Lizzie believes in me. And that boy—he really thinks his dad is the best man in the world. I'd sort of like to have him keep on thinkin' so, that's all.'

Trying to live up to someone's thought of him, someone's faith in him, was making Jim's whole life higher and purer, as it has made many a life.—'Temperance Leader.'

Drunken Mothers.

(The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in the New York 'American.')

It was a horrible sight that Magistrate Smith, of the Long Island City Police Court, was called upon to witness.

In a row before the dumbstruck Magistrate stood ten mothers, blear-eyed, with bloated faces, dishevelled hair and soiled, tattered garments, their limbs still trembling from the debauch of the day before.

And as the ten mothers stood there, shaking from the dissipation which had degraded them, twice that number of little ones stood or sat in the court room and witnessed their mothers' shame!

It was a tremendously natural thing for Magistrate Smith to exclaim as he viewed the long line of wretched womanhood before him: 'Why, this is something awful! Mothers—with little children, too!'

When France was in the throes of a great crisis, some one remarked to Napoleon, 'Sire, wherein lies our hope?' 'In the mothers of France,' was the Emperor's lightning-like reply.

If our national salvation depends upon the mothers of the land, in the name of God what is to become of us if the drink habit gets hold of the women?

A drunken father is bad enough, but when it comes to a drunken mother we have reached the bottom of the abyss.

We have heard of the 'devils' who, it is said, 'laugh' when we human beings do anything that is especially wicked or degrading.

I don't know how it may be, but if there are such fiendish creatures, it is safe to say that they made 'hell' fairly echo with their infernal glee as those ten mothers stood up there in that police court!

It was indeed an awful sight, a spectacle to chill the very blood in the veins.

If the home is the 'heart of the world,' what may we look forward to if that heart becomes paralyzed by strong drink?

The father may debauch himself and the home still be saved by the purity and devotion of the mother; but when the mother becomes debauched—then the deluge!

With a depraved motherhood our doom is sealed, and not all the prayers of all the saints on earth and in heaven can save us.

It were a severely interesting question to ask, How far has this strong-drink virus worked its deadly way into the heart of our womanhood?

How many women, how many mothers, are there in the land who drink? It is alleged by those who know what they are talking about that 'Society' is literally honeycombed with alcoholism; and here, in this Long Island case, we have the other extreme; but how about the middle term?

Ask the wine merchants and grocerymen what it is that their waggons carry too far to many doors?

But it will not answer to push the inquiry too far, and for the present we stop with the horrible sight of these ten drunken mothers lined up in the police court.

To Fathers Who Smoke.

May I give you my experience of tobacco smoke? It may be a warning to others. I have one child,—a little girl not yet two years old, a fair-haired, blue-eyed pet, who was as healthy as the birds when she was born. For more than a year past—ever since she was old enough to be less in the nursery and more with her father and me—she has ailed mysteriously. I could not say that she was ill, yet she was hardly ever well. I was kept in a perpetual state of anxiety about her. The symptoms were absence of appetite, complaints of sickness, stomach and digestion out of order. Recently I took her to a country town, where we stayed two months. After the first week she flourished like a young bay-tree, ate and drank and laughed and played and slept, and kept me forever busy enlarging her garments. I brought her home rosy and robust. In one week all the old symptoms reappeared—loss of appetite, dark lines under the eyes, listless ways, restless nights. Some one suggested that the neighborhood did not suit her; and I was cogitating how to take her away again, when she caught a severe cold and was confined entirely to one room for three weeks. She recovered her general health completely. Appetit, spirits, sleep, all returned. It could not be the neighborhood. After her cold she joined us downstairs again, as usual, two or three times a day.

In less than a week sickness, etc., returned. For nearly three months I racked my brains about drains, wall-papers, milk, water, saucepans, any and everything in vain; the child slowly wasted. The weather was too severe to take her away. In an agony of mind I noticed one day that, so far from outgrowing her clothes as I had expected, they were too large for her The little thing did not eat enough to keep up her strength, and we could not coax her to eat. Yet she was not really ill; she ran about and played in a quiet way, and looked fairly well to those who had not seen her more robust. Suddenly my husband was summoned into the country. A week after he went the child began to eat with a relish. In a fortnight she was her own happy self, full of riotous, childish spirits. 'Her father has never seen her like this,' I remarked one evening, when she was particularly merry, and then the truth flashed upon me. It was his tobacco that upset her.

He has been away now for a month, and the child's limbs daily get firmer and rounder, and she is the healthiest, merriest little mortal possible. He always smoked after his breakfast and after lunch, with her in the room, neither of us dreaming that it was injurious to her. But for his providential absence this time, I doubt whether it would ever have occurred to me, and we might have lost our darling, for she was wasting sadly. It was acting like a slow poison upon her. This is a true, unvarnished statement, which my nurse can corroborate. When shall we have a parliament that will dare to tax our slow poisons to the utmost?—E. H., in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

The Minister's Advice.

(Carrol King, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

The Rev. George Maitland, waiting on the suburban omnibus, stood with his back to a group of working men talking and smoking together at the corner of a public-house. He was quite capable of keeping a sharp look-out for his omnibus and of listening with a quiet, unobtrusive interest at the same moment to all they were saying, because a name had caught his ear, the name of a prominent member and a good man in his own church.

'Is't true that Davie Sinclair is putting in for the "Morley Arms," the biggest hotel in town?' was the first question that had stirred his interest.

'He was thinking of it,' was the reply, 'but last time I saw him he was swithering between that and the big orchard that's to let at Grattanside. It's a fine opening for a man with a young family. I just wish I could take it myself.'

'The big hotel for me,' said a young, stalwart working man in the group. 'He'll rake in the money a lot faster in the hotel than in the market gardening line.'

Not another word did the young minister dare to wait for. The omnibus had been signalled, had stopped obediently, and he had to get in and drive homewards, thinking all the way. At the tea-table, the pleasantest, most leisurely and sociable interlude in all his busy day, he said to his young wife—

'Mary, have you seen the Sinclairs lately?'

'Yes,' she said, readily; 'they are thinking of taking Muir's orchard at Grattanside, so we may lose them, dear.'

'Not at all; it is only five miles off' said Mr. Maitland. 'But—do you know if they have any other project in view?'

'No; I have not heard of anything else. Why? Have you heard anything?'

'I am not quite sure,' he replied, dubiously. 'I believe I must run down after the prayer meeting and see Sinclair—he has not been at the meeting for many weeks.'

'His wife is always very faithful, and the children are always in their places in the Sabbath-school and Band of Hope.'

'Yes, I know, Mary, and Sinclair himself is very much looked up to in the church,' said Mr. Maitland. 'That is why I must see him at once, for I heard a little whisper of his wishing to take the "Morley Arms."'

'Oh, surely not! A licensed hotel?'

'So I must see him without delay,' continued the minister thoughtfully, 'and plead with him very hard against such a terrible downfall.'

His wife smiled at the expression, for the hotel in question was the handsomest, and had been the best paying in town; its late landlord and his handsome wife had been quite 'among the gentry' of their circle.

There was a good attendance at the prayer meeting that evening at eight o'clock, but the minister looked in vain for the face of his friend Sinclair. After the meeting was over, he walked quietly away without waiting for the customary greetings and kindly handshakes, and made his way to that part of the town where many of his church members had their homes. He found Sinclair at home, and received a frank though slightly confused greeting from him, for the man had no valid excuse ready for his neglect of the means of grace. But the minister did not speak of that, he plunged into his subject boldly.

'Have you taken the orchard at Grattanside, Mr. Sinclair?' he asked anxiously.

'There's nothing settled yet,' replied Sinclair, in some surprise—'I was thinking of it.'

'I heard to-day that you were thinking of the "Morley Arms," Sinclair. It was that that brought me here,' said the minister, in his downright, straightforward manner. A flash of impatient anger rose to the man's face.

'Bother their meddlesome tongues,' he said between his teeth. 'I was thinking of that, too,' he said aloud. 'It would be a fine opening, and I believe I might get on very well there.'

'Get on to—what?' asked the minister seriously.

'To—well—. I could make it pay, and I would keep it properly and conduct it decently,' said the man, with an uneasy laugh. He knew his minister's extreme ideas.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Rest.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed,
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only Rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren way;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest day.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For Rest, sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and, when 'tis tilled, to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For Rest, for Rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for Rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head—e'en then I prayed,
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the West
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

—Father Ryan.

What do Parents Owe to Their Children?

This may seem a strange question. We are more familiar with the question, 'What do children owe to their parents?' The latter is important, but at present we wish to call your attention to the former.

If there is anything to be sure about, it is the fact of parental responsibility. It is not a duty that has been created by the law of the land. It has been implanted within us by the Great Author of our being.

The responsibility of parents may not have attained to any great height or depth among some of the earth, but when we wish to form our judgment upon a question of this character, we ought to consider the convictions of the people who have most light, who have made the greatest progress in true civilization, and who are likely to know the supreme importance of parental influence.

Without much fear of question, it may be said there are three things which parents owe to their children.

1. You owe to your children—a good home.

By a good home we do not refer to the size or to the situation of the home; these are most important considerations, no doubt, but not the most important. There are many homes which in these respects are all that could be desired, yet they are not good homes, and good sons and daughters do not come out of them.

By a good home we mean, mainly, the home where there are the graces and virtues that can mould life into strength and beauty of character. It is not enough to see that our children are well fed and clothed; we should also train up the child in the way he should go, never forgetting the gracious promise that when he is old he will not depart from the way. The father ought to take his part in trying to make the home good in this sense. However much he may be engaged in work, it is nearly always possible for the father to secure a little time for the children. At any rate, selfish indulgence in pleasures ought not to cause this duty to be neglected. Parents, take heed that in their early years your children shall have all possible help to grow in goodness and purity. As far as you can, make the home attractive, lest they form that perilous habit of walking to and fro in the streets at night, where they see, and hear, and learn those things that may blight the life.

2 You owe to your children—a good education.

You may say the State looks after this. But without your sympathy and help this will not be well done. You may not only see that your children attend school regularly, but you may encourage them to attend in a cheerful spirit, and take an interest in their home lessons. Most of all, you may help in that respect where the State does little—in the moral and religious. The Sunday-school cannot take your place here; you have your own duty to perform, and you ought to have an influence that nobody else can gain. Help your children to grow in the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ.

3. You owe to your children—a good example.

Your children live in a great city that is full of temptations. Let your example be a strong protection—a safe guide to your children. Both by precept and example shield your boys from the snares of betting, gambling and drinking. Win from the boys such love and regard for their mother that as they grow up they shall respect womanhood too deeply ever to do a wrong to it. Jealously guard your daughters. Lead them into that true self-esteem and self-reverence which shall be their strong defence.

Jesus said: 'Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe in me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea.—Tract issued by the Prahran Citizens' Association, Australia.

More About Tomatoes.

Tomatoes, French Fashion.—Scald and peel small, solid tomatoes; to each six allow half a pint of cream sauce made by rubbing together a rounding tablespoonful of butter and one of flour; add half a pint of milk; stir until boiling. Take from the fire, add a level teaspoonful of salt and a salt-spoonful of pepper. Put a tablespoonful of the sauce in the bottom of a custard-cup: then put in a tomato and cover with another tablespoonful of sauce; dust the top with breadcrumbs; and stand the cups in a pan of boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve in the cups.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Cut a slice from the stem ends of the tomatoes; scoop out the seeds and a portion of the hard centres. To each six good-sized tomatoes allow a pint of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of grated onion, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; mix, stuff this in the tomatoes, heaping it slightly. Stand them in a baking pan, add half a cupful of water, and bake in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour, basting once or twice with a little melted butter.

Selected Recipes.

Frosting.—A quick cake frosting is made of powdered sugar, flavored with grated lemon peel, and mixed to the proper consistency with cold water. A little lemon juice improves it. This icing dries quick and is perfectly smooth.

Meat Rissoles.—A rissole is a delicate preparation of meat that is almost as easily made as a fritter. Take the trimmings left after making pies, or make fresh pastry. Roll these out in a thin sheet, considerably less than a quarter of an inch thick. Cut it into circles with a cake cutter, about three inches in diameter. Put a tablespoonful of minced meat, fowl or fish, seasoned and prepared in the same way as for croquettes. Fold one-half the circle over on the other, pinching the edges together so as to enclose mince, brush all parts of the rissole with the yolk of an egg. This should be done as carefully as if for croquettes. Fry the rissole in boiling hot fat for about six or eight minutes.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

LADIES' Fancy Mercerised Girdle and our Catalogue of Ladies' Goods sent *free* for three 2c stamps. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., Dept. 1, London, Ont

EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY
And R. R. ACCOUNTING.
$50 to $100 per month salary assured our graduates under bond. You don't pay us until you have a position. Largest system of telegraph schools in America. Endorsed by all railway officials. OPERATORS ALWAYS IN DEMAND. Ladies also admitted. Write for catalogue.
MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY,
Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N. Y., Atlanta, Ga., La Crosse, Wis., Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

THE BABY'S OWN

$12.00 WOMAN'S Fall Tailored SUITS $4.50
MADE TO ORDER.
Suits up to $15.00. Jackets, Cloaks, Raincoats and Waists and Skirts, at manufacturers' prices. Send for fall sample cloths and fashions No. 1.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ont.

WANTED, COPIES OF THE NEW DOMINION Monthly. Bound volumes will be taken, but preference given to single numbers having the covers complete and in good condition. Address E. B. BIGGAR, 471 West Marion street, Toronto.

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)
To Separate Addresses.

Single copy.. .. .. 40c
Three copies to separate addresses $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.
Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.
The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, also Cuba, Great Britain, Mexico, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hong kong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.
For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.
Sample package supplied free on application.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.